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portraits worthy of Holbein—has seen his pictures reach a formidable price. His smallest canvases reach 2000 to 2500 francs; others, according to size, finish and quality, bring 4000 to 8000; and portraits from 6000 to 15,000 each."

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"WORKS of art," the writer in *Gil Blas* goes on to say, "have only a relative value, that which the favor of the public, more or less justified, gives them; it follows that certain painters who, in their time, have had the most brilliant success, have fallen, at the end of their career into the completest oblivion. Such has been the case with Roqueplan, Gudin and Couture among others." He thinks that perhaps the real reason is, not merely that other reputations have arisen, but that the art of these painters was false and conventional, and, in consequence, unable to stand the effects of time and criticism. Genius, misunderstood at first because of its originality, is sure to gain favor in the long run. And while waiting for public recognition, it is rare that an artist of real talent does not find some one amateur, at least, to set a proper value upon his works. Ribot, for instance, whose thirty years of adversity have so accustomed him to homely surroundings that he still works in a garret furnished only with a few chairs and a rude table, early found a purchaser in M. Hubert Debrousse, whose gallery of old Dutch paintings may be compared with the Salon Carré of the Louvre. M. Debrousse, among his examples of Franz Hals and Rembrandt has hung about twenty Ribots, bought when they were cheap and good, among them "Les Empiriques," "Un Cabaret Normand," "Le Pêcheur" and the portrait of Mme. Gueymard.

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AMONG those who have been unaffected by the fluctuations which have occurred since 1882, we are given the names of Meissonier, Bonnat, Lefebvre, Carolus-Duran, Detaille, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Worms, Charles Jacques, Veyresset, Hector Leroux, Duez and Guillemet. "The triumph of painters who are sincere in their work," we are told, "is only a question of time, and, once accepted, they are unlikely to suffer any diminution of price." "Once accepted!" "Accepted for how long?" one may ask. Painting in France, we all know, is in a state of transition, absolutely without a standard for comparisons. Who can say, then, how long-lasting will be the success of the popular favorites of to-day? Who, for instance, will be so bold as to declare that the almost fabulous price paid nowadays for an uninteresting little man-at-arms by Meissonier will not be laughed at by the collector of a generation hence? In point of art are the Meissonier costumed models more interesting than similar miniature figures by the old Dutch masters, and in point of technique could not those old fellows beat the much-lauded Frenchman on his own ground?

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OR, if we take Meissonier's great military pictures, such as "1807," who shall say that, with all their painstaking, laborious talent, that in another decade they will not be popularly considered as far behind the spontaneous, dashing work of Aimé Morot, as seen in the latter's terrific "Cavalry Charge at Rezonville," or in his "Reichsoffen" at the Salon of the present year, as they are already held to be by discerning critics who have no interest in the picture market? Vernet and Pils successively triumphed as the greatest French military painters of their times. In their own day surely they were "accepted." Yet how many collectors are there now who would care to own a battle-piece by either of them?

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As it is with Meissonier, so it might easily be shown to be with such painters as Bonnat, Bouguereau and Cabanel, so confidently considered as "accepted" by the writer I am quoting, who continues as follows: "Belgian, Spanish and Italian artists may be said to have suffered most from the movement toward greater sincerity in art, because they are, as a rule, conventional. Willems, the Belgian painter, has seen his works decline ninety per cent in price. A picture of his which might bring, twenty years ago, 65,000 francs, sells with difficulty to-day for 1500. It is so with Gallait, Portaels, Kolba, G. de Jonghe, Verlat, Notta, Walters; all have fallen off from seventy-five to eighty per cent. Alfred Stevens has, relatively, suffered less. At the Defoer sale, a picture which had cost 30,000 francs sold for 7000; at the Stewart sale, one which had cost 40,000 sold for 12,000 francs. The paintings of Madrazo have fallen

fifty per cent; those of Matejko sixty per cent. Fortuny, the celebrated initiator of the Italian school, has lost fifty per cent of his selling value. One reason of this is said to be that many of his pictures darken and lose their best qualities—brilliancy and delicacy—with time. Paintings by Castiglioni, of the Italian school, whose pictures used to bring about 8000 francs each, now fetch with difficulty 200 francs. Cabat has lost forty per cent, although recognized as one of the leaders of the French landscape school. His "l'Etang de Ville-D'Avray" is in the Luxembourg. The canvases of Jacquet lose sixty to seventy per cent. Hebert, Jalabert, H. Lazerges, Leleux, Bida, Plassan, Saintin, Ciceri, Armand Dumaesq, Voilemot and Toulemouche have experienced a similar decline. The pictures of Doré, Anastasi, Brillouin, Henri Dupray, the painter of military life, have fallen off eighty per cent; those of Protais about seventy-five per cent. The works of Gérôme, Pasini, Worms, Charles Jacques, Berchere, Veyrasset, Bernier, Chaplin, A. Guillemet, Harpignies, Damoye, and Lesrel have yet to experience a sensible decline."

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THE more recent important picture sales in New York do not altogether confirm the judgment of the writer of the above. At the A. T. Stewart sale, for instance, there was a loss of \$20,000 on two Meissoniers, and there would probably have been a loss also on the famous "1807" but for Judge Hilton's avowed intention to make that picture bring more than Mr. Stewart had paid for it. Two small canvases by the same artist in the Mary J. Morgan collection showed a joint loss of over \$6000. A falling off in prices for Bouguereau was noticeable in both the Stewart and Morgan sales. In the former, "The Return from the Harvest," which cost \$11,500, brought \$8000, and in the latter, "The Madonna, Infant Saviour and St. John," which cost \$11,000, was knocked down on a "bogus" bid for \$9000; it was not sold.

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THE popularity of Gérôme, for a long time a stanch favorite in this country, seems now to be more rapidly on the decline than that of any French painter of his rank. At the Probasco sale his "Syrian Shepherd" (33x18) brought only \$2075. At the A. T. Stewart and Mary J. Morgan sales the loss on his pictures was terrific, as is shown by the following figures:

A. T. STEWART SALE:

"The Chariot Race," (60x34)	cost \$33,000	brought \$7,100
"Une Collaboration" (27x19)	" 17,500	" 8,100
"Pollice Verso" (58x40)	" 20,000	" 11,000

MARY J. MORGAN SALE:

"Coffee House, Cairo" (26x21)	" 8,500	" 4,800
"Vase Seller, Cairo" (14x8)	" 5,400	" 4,600
"The Tulip Folly" (38x25)	" 15,000	" 6,000

The last-named picture did not even bring the \$6000 for which it was ostensibly sold; for it was "bid in."

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IT will be interesting to see what the forthcoming "sale of the late Henry Ward Beecher's pictures" will disclose, inasmuch as the reverend gentleman owned no pictures worth speaking of, and, unfortunately, was quite lacking in artistic taste. MONTEZUMA.

BOSTON ART AND ARTISTS.

ALTHOUGH the regulation editorial article declaring the city an unequalled summer resort is still published at the beginning of every summer season in Boston as in New York, the whole town as regularly empties itself upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay, the Maine coast, the hill country of New England, and the islands in its southern waters; and among the first to go and the last to return are the artists. A few of the art-amateurs and connoisseurs may prefer their club cooking and their comfortable lodgings to anything that summer resorts can offer, but the studios are not kept open for them, nor even the art stores. The latter are hung to catch the eye of the chance Western tourist who may be passing through, to or from the White Mountains, or Mount Desert, unless they are undergoing refurbishing for the next campaign. Doll & Richards's has been getting a tasteful retouching, and Chase's is in temporary quarters awaiting the completion of a new building.

Two pictures were all that I saw that could arrest more than the passing glance of the amateur seeking something worth the time taken from lawn-tennis this fine September day in a round of the city's art shops. One was an early painting of that eccentric young color-

ist, C. W. Stetson, who came up from Providence a few years ago and took Boston by storm with a lot of crudely drawn but superbly colored and intensely idealized pictures. This one is a study of a man playing a violin. The man's long, loose robe is of a blue that in the shadows goes into an ultramarine and metallic lustre, unequalled by anything short of stained glass; and this tragic depth of color is set in juxtaposition to the brilliant orange of a silken window curtain, against which the rich color and graceful shape of the violin tell powerfully. The wan expression of the broadly and rudely-painted man's face and the gesture of his head laid on the instrument show that he is playing unutterable and woeful thoughts in his solitude—a morbid—yes, affected—studio imagining, if you please, but a striking and fascinating one.

The other of the two pictures was a little canvas on which the paint stood out—somewhat in the colors of a Diaz—as though laid on with a trowel. It is a memorial of that powerful but still half-formed genius, stopped on the threshold of great achievement, in the death of Miss Annie G. Shaw in August last. This picture is one of those that cost her her life—a study of a marshy spot near Chicago, where she contracted the malarial fever that ended in death after a year's struggle with the disease. The rough, strong painting of a forbidding subject tells the whole story of her bold choice of matter and methods, her masculine taste, and intense, all-sacrificing enthusiasm for truth and for work. Had she lived to carry on to completion the plan of study which her unfeminine application would surely have accomplished, the world might have acknowledged before long another great painter among the few upholding the honors of her sex in art.

The much-talked-of marriage of Miss Brewer at Newport the other day is an event of some interest in Boston art circles. As the heiress of the great Brewer estate on Beacon Hill, fronting the beautiful Brewer fountain on the Common, Miss Brewer has been a distinguished if not lavish patron of artists and dealers. All her influence, however, did not avail to make a success of the exhibition of water-colors last year, by the English artist, Mr. Arthur Croft, whom she has now married. It has long been impossible in Boston to rouse more than cold respect for the dry and minute copies of water-falls, mountain-sides and grandiose cliffs, after the English school cried up by Ruskin.

Mr. Donahue, the sculptor, is about the only artist in town. He is following up his success with the Athenian Sophocles, represented as an athlete, with a statue of that great modern Athenian, J. Lawrence Sullivan. There is also a group of clever Parisian artists painting away upon the Cyclorama of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and doing a wonderful amount of skilful and effective composition, grouping, and drawing of human figures. These painters are working like artisans, but they are doing more art in a few months than is turned out by native Boston artists in as many years.

Enneking has been studying at Scituate the composition of an historical picture on the subject of the two Yankee maidens of 1776 who, by beating a drum behind the light-house, scared away an expedition of British marauders in boats. Picknell, Bolton Jones and Frank Jones are at Annisquam, painting the green pastures and marshes and white sand-hills of the Ipswich shore. Appleton Brown has painted and sold a dozen of his poetic pastels at the Isles of Shoals, and Ross Turner, who has been driving a flourishing school-business in Salem the past year, has been equally successful there with water-colors; while Miss Ellen Robbins has been painting the flowers in Mrs. Celia Thaxter's garden on Appledore, as so many inferior flower-painters have done before her. Professor Grundmann, of the Art Museum School, is at Whitefield, the guest of Mrs. Waterston. C. E. L. Green and C. H. Woodbury are painting near Halifax, Nova Scotia, for a month. Stephen Parrish and C. A. Platt, the painter-etchers, are at East Gloucester. Walter Gay, who has just sold here a picture containing two figures—an old clothes-dealer driving a bargain—is off for Paris. C. H. Davis and Simmons are still there. Quite an American colony has gathered, I am told, at Givernay, seventy miles from Paris, on the Seine, the home of Claude Monet, including our Louis Ritter, W. L. Metcalf, Theodore Wendell, John Breck, and Theodore Robinson of New York. A few pictures just received from these young men show that they have all got the blue-green color of Monet's impressionism and "got it bad."

GRETA.